

# SENIOR CLASS SONG

Faculty, parents, and friends: On behalf of the Senior class of 1942 it is my privilege and pleasure to thank all those who have helped us attain the great threshold we will soon cross.

We are well aware of the fact that were it not for the countless efforts, time, and money furnished by those surrounding us, the educational provisions we have had would not have been possible.

First, I want to thank the teachers for their co-operation. By their guiding hand and superior knowledge they have helped us to see and select better things to aid us in our work. Too often teachers are unjustly criticized. I wish to say that we think New Plymouth, has a fine faculty.

Second, I think we owe the school board much appreciation for the time, efforts, and money they have spent for our special benefits. Our idea of what the school board is for is too vague and many of us do not realize what they do for us. We must remember if it weren't for the school board the school couldn't run very successfully.

Third, I wish to thank the tax payers for their financial support.

And last but not least I wish to thank our parents who are the ones who have made all this possible.

During these last few months we Seniors have begun to realize what a precious thing education is. It isn't just something that is forced down our throats but something we must have, to get anything out of life. We can't expect people to bring it to us. We must go after it.

Now that we are ready to graduate we mustn't just isolate ourselves from the world. We must use our own resources in keeping up with the news and educational matters of the day.

Our parents have spent many dollars in order to educate us and they naturally expect something in

return. We are the only ones who can show them our appreciation and the best way is by what we make ourselves.

I believe one part of our education that will remain with us most is not only our studies but of the association with other young people. For instance, a student who has a private tutor lacks the opportunity of learning how to mix with people which means so much all through life.

In closing I wish to read how one poet has expressed his thoughts.

If you can't be a pine on the top  
of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley; but be  
the best little scrub by the side  
of the rill.

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.  
If you can't be a bush be a bit of  
the grass,

And some highway happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie, then just  
be a bass--

But the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be captains, some have  
to be a crew.

There's something for all of us  
here:

There's work to be done, and we've  
all got to do

Our part in a way that's sincere.  
If you can't be a highway, then

just be a trail,  
If you can't be a sun, be a star;

It isn't by size that we win or we  
fail,

Be the best of whatever you are.

RUTH MAXIMSON

## Senior Class Song

Tonight we're leaving to memories  
Old Plymouth High,

We'll always cherish the memories  
of days long gone by.

The days of work and play we've  
had together we'll say,

Will always linger in our memories  
of this old happy day.

As we look onward into the future  
a pathway to find,

We hope the days will be brighter  
For those left behind.